Autobiography of Theron Lambert (1914-1996)

Mostly written around 1982

Introduction

Among the many documents rescued from the closets of my wife's mother, Verl Lambert, after her death in 2014 is a trove of handwritten notes by her husband Theron Lambert that suggest he was working on an autobiography that he never completed. Hoping to share them with his family as well as to post his autobiography in his memories in *FamilySearch*, I have undertaken to combine them into a single document, lightly editing to create a chronological story while eliminating redundancies and correcting any errors.

There are many gaps in the timeline, which I have tried to fill with the aid of surviving letters from Theron and his family members, especially from Verl herself, who began writing a Christmas letter every year since about 1946 summarizing each year. I especially recommend to interested readers the *Excerpts from the Letters of Theron M. Lambert*, which his son Kevin edited and distributed to his siblings in December 1994.

All of Theron's writing including his letters are in basic Cambria font with the letters indented to clearly distinguish them from the fragments of his life story. Everything else including my own comments appears in italics.

I assume that most of my readers will be Theron's extended family, my in-laws the Lamberts. I hope that you will enjoy reading this wonderful story, forgiving any errors and gently bringing them to my attention. The original documents that I have used are in the possession of Linda Lambert Bateman. If you have additional documents that should be included, please send them to me and I will create an updated version.

Kim Bateman

November 10, 2025

My parents were the best of people and the finest parents any boy could wish for. Father was born November 11,1886 in Heber, Utah--the oldest child to live to adulthood of Joseph Heber Lambert and Alice Matilda Michie, who were born respectively October 27, 1856, in Salt Lake City, Utah and January 6, 1866, in Nephi, Utah.

Father, as a young boy, spent some of his time in Kamas, where my great grandfather, John Lambert, had built the first house, and where he lived from 1857 until his death late in 1893 at 73 years of age. My father had a long lived desire for knowledge. And in 1905-6 he had a year at the BYU. Though he had little social life, he played in the school orchestra. The summer after his freshman year, his father asked him to help move the family from Heber to Roosevelt. The territory around Roosevelt had been part of the Ute Indian Reservation, but in 1905 had been open for settlement by the whites.

Roosevelt, named after Teddy, was incorporated as a town in 1911. When I was born on October 29, 1914,[1] Roosevelt was in Wasatch County. The town had a total of six blocks of cement sidewalks if you added the half blocks together, and all other sidewalks were hard packed dirt. And a few of the houses had only dirt floors. One had indoor plumbing—just a dirt path to an outhouse, which housed a Sears or Monkey Ward Catalog for the convenience of guests.

The farm-ranch community was composed of about 90% LDS and 10% misplaced nondescripts. True to Brigham Young's advice, the graded but totally unpaved streets were aligned with the principal points of the compass. Main street ran N-S. The Dry Gulch, our largest stream, wandered out of the hills from the northwest, ran along the north edge of town, made a gentle bend to the south and passed along the east side of town. Sidewalks were unpaved except for a total of six blocks (counting both sides of the street) in the business section of town and had been carefully delineated by being raised slightly above street level.

My mother, Winnie Mackay, was raised on a farm--born in Salt Lake Valley (Taylorsville, Salt Lake County) on October 3, 1891. She spent most of her early growing years on a farm near Boise, Idaho and later on a farm along the Green River three or four miles downstream from Jensen, Uintah County, Utah and in Roosevelt, Utah. Most of her schooling, when she could go, was in Vernal, Utah, where she graduated from eighth grade. In Roosevelt she passed federal exams and became the assistant postmistress before she was married and while her father was postmaster.

[1] Theron was born three weeks after his grandfather was made the bishop in Roosevelt, and his father was called to the stake high council.

She married Joseph Robert Lambert of Roosevelt on November 5, 1913, in the Salt Lake temple. My father, known as Rob or Robert, had been in Salt Lake attending the LDS Business College, but in the summer of 1907 he had helped his father, Joseph Heber Lambert, move from Heber to Roosevelt. Much of the Roosevelt area had been part of the Ute Indian Reservation which in 1905 had been opened for white settlement.

I was born in a small, two room frame house in a small farm and ranch town—if you gathered all the adults and the children within a distance of three miles in any direction of the town you would round up nearly 900 people—a great place to grow up, so I could play marbles all the way home after school—my only real problem was to get home before dark so my chores could be done. I believe I had a better situation to grow in and learn to accept responsibility for work than most young people do today.

My earliest memory of LDS meetings was going to Primary with my mother before I could walk. Later she was in the Relief Society and often made her calls in a horse and buggy where I could accompany her.

(My mother) took us—the boys—on an Easter hike each year, and we could usually choose the hike path. We always had neat, clean clothing for any LDS activity. On the Sabbath we honored the day by not going to friends to play or not changing clothes after Sunday school or sacrament meeting. On Fast Sunday, she verified that we had our tithing money collected and ready to hand to the Bishop without fudging.

Before I was five years old my first visits to my grandparents' homes were in log cabins. The Lamberts in a three room house and the Mackays in a four room house. But probably my most important "church" influence as a child came from my Grandmother Lambert and her habit of holding three or four family gatherings at her home each year.

I remember as a five-year-old helping her to boil clothes in a wash boiler on wash day—turning the handle on the wringer of the washer—helping her make homemade wash soap by gathering sticks for a fire out of doors and feeding the fire to keep the pot boiling. By the sixth year of my life, I had regular chores night and morning—feeding and watering livestock, late eggs gathered, keeping kindling and chips by the kitchen stove, coal bucket

filled with coal by the stove, water carried into the kitchen to fill the reservoir on the stove (our principal source of warm to hot water).

My mother was a gracious, kind, and beautiful lady—always ready to help those in need. During the flu epidemic in 1919[2] she helped many families (who were) down ill and relieved Dad from the post office while he went to give a priesthood blessing to someone who was ill. It seemed to me that nearly every family in the town or nearby countryside had the flu and nearly every family lost a member. Finally, Dad came down with the flu and Mother kept the post office going, being there to meet each mail truck from Helper and distributing the mail for Roosevelt and for all surrounding farm communities. (We had RFD[3] after WWI—Cedarview, Neola, Hayden, White Rocks, Bennet, Ft. Duchesne, Randlett, Obray, Myton, Ioka. Each had their mail sack from Roosevelt. Mail came from Helper three times a week—RFD twice a week from Roosevelt.)

All the "legal" businesses at the earliest years of my awareness (1919-22) consisted of two hotels, two hardware stores, a drug store, a Golden Rule mercantile, bank, pool hall, two grocery stores, two blacksmith shops, a livery stable, flour mill, and a few offices such as the Uintah Power Light office, post office, and a law office. The power and light building puzzled me.

My marble playing became very good. It was always for "keeps," so this was a serious activity. I could play anybody one or two grades ahead of me in grade school. Knuckle Dutch was by far the most popular game. I also played tops. I had two brothers and no sisters. I'm the oldest.[4]

I've fished for 64 years[5] beginning as a boy of 12[6] when the town barber,[7] who was by far the best fly fisherman in our area, took me fishing. I enjoy fishing in mountain streams because it gets me out of doors in the mountains to hear and see and feel the wild country that is still available to us. I've fished in three western states and in two provinces of

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[2] Actually 1918.

[3] Rural free delivery.

[4] Theron was baptized by George Bracken June 30, 1923 in Dry Gulch and confirmed by his father (according to his family group sheet). Maurice was born April 14, 1918, when Theron was three. Wayne was born September 30, 1925.

[5] This was written in 1990.

[6] Theron was ordained a deacon by his father December 26, 1926. He was ordained a teacher by his father October 6, 1929.

[7] There were two barbers in Roosevelt in 1926 when Theron was 12--Theodore Roosevelt "Ted" Harmston and Leo Young. Ted Harmston was a 20 year old son of Roosevelt's founder and had gone to high school in California and attended a year of college there before returning to Vernal on May 19, 1926, when Theron was 11. Ted was known to love the wilderness and later owned a cabin in Uintah Canyon. But the barber to whom Theron learned to fish was more likely Leo Young, a grandson of Brigham Young's youngest brother Lorenzo and of Charles C. Rich on his mother's side. Leo was known to be an avid fisherman and so was his 14 year old son Eldon, who may have been a friend of Theron's.

Canada. It is a special healing time for me to spend some quiet time in or along a mountain stream.

By my 14th year I held regular jobs and was trusted to finish the work without supervision and trusted to keep my own "time" for each week at a time. By 15 I was trusted to drive a heavy work team and use farm equipment such as plow, harrow, or leveler without supervision. I could drive my father's car and date when I was 16.[8] I had a dance night come along with my 16th summer and realized I had dates with three girls, who didn't know one another and who were all from out of town for the same dance. With help from a male friend and some awkward moments, I lived through the evening but by the next day, none of the girls would speak to me.

Duchesne County High School was located on an elevation just on the outskirts northwest of town. Below the "hill" was about eight acres of "flats" on which two tennis courts, a quarter-mile track, and a baseball field existed. No shrubs, trees nor lawns limited our activities. Except for the cement tennis courts, nothing but hard, barren grounds existed.

Upon my arrival at the seventh grade, all school grades from the seventh up were moved to the high school building, a three-story red brick structure designed for growth in the four years of senior high. I spent the next six years of my public schooling taking classes in that imposing structure. An auditorium, which occupied the major portion of one wing served many functions—the auditorium for musicals, drama, speech productions—a study hall during regular school hours—the school library at the rear of the room protected from whatever or whoever by an enclosed grillwork of steel screening above the wooden counter. Domestic science, art, woodshop, physics, and chemistry labs and the gymnasium were all on the lower floor—a half basement.

Of the fun things I engaged in during the winter months, ice skating brought greater enjoyment and overall more hours of excitement in discovery in quiet and peaceful moments of the unusual in the white and frosty stillness of motion in an ever changing wonderland of icy creek. Roosevelt, my hometown, was situated between two small streams—branches of the Dry Gulch--which joined each other a bit over a mile southeast of town and then some five miles further downstream trickled into the Duchesne River. The local youth, who could come by a pair of skates, began to use the Dry Gulch—primarily the branch running immediately across the north side of town and turning south to flow along the east side of town--for ice skating about 1921 or 1922. Since the steam was low in the fall and winter, five to eight foot widths occurred more frequently than the 35' or 40' wide stretches, and rocks were not always covered nor were tangles of piled deadwood missing. Abrupt falls of two to four feet were one or two miles apart, but rapid stretches which if

[8] Theron was ordained a priest by Fred W. Clegg, a teacher at the high school and president of the YMMIA, on June 12, 1932.

frozen at all, presented frequent rough or unsafe weak spots. Other sources of ice for skating were the five ice ponds used by our ice man Bruce Calder,[9] who supplied Roosevelt with blocks of ice during the hot summer weeks. The ponds were shallow squares 200-250' on a side and but three to five feet deep that were water-filled late each fall and during the early winter to produce the bulk ice, which was later sawed into blocks approximately 50 lbs. each for storage with sawdust insulation in two large barn-like buildings until the heat of summer developed customers. The ice pond water, since not flowing, provided the very earliest skating, and youth who walked near them in coming to school, were the harbingers of the news, "the ponds are frozen." Of course, the first ice layers were thin, and tentative steps from shore to test the strength of an ice sheet must occur daily until the word was out, "I can walk on it." Still the early ventures on skates must keep moving, beginning along a shore line and gradually braving a greater corner cutting until the ice had proven reliable. It was usual with the young ice as it lay over the water to have it flex and end with the weight of a moving skater, or if two or three by lack of attention came close together a dunking put an end to their first outing of the winter.

My first ice skating began in late afternoon on a Friday after school and a scurried once-over-lightly performance of home chores. The group was a dozen friends—both boys and girls. I was in my 13th year and was as young as any of the boys. *(Here Theron lists the names of Dale Mower, Floyd and Darrel Mullins, Lee Wiscombe, Paul Murphy, Joe Wogecs, Ned Gines, and Stan Orser.)* I had planned for ten days for this experience. As I had no skates, I had borrowed a pair from my Uncle Herald—a pair of lever skates, once worn to a thin runner of blade by repeated sharpenings—and since my earliest memory they had remained untouched under the back door step of my grandfather's house. Herald[10] had quietly and solemnly offered them to me as a gift if I kept them clean and sharp. He showed me how to adjust them and to clamp them on my shoes and cautioned me about the act of ice skating.

While I knew how to roller skate, ice skating was a brand new experience, an exhilarating adventure with the unexpected changes in ice smoothness and/or thickness when covered by a new snow flurry that wiped past caution marks from sight and brought afresh the excitement of rediscovery when one's blades were the first to mark a stretch of untried ice cover. The snap of skate runners parting the frosted crest of new snow or sharp crackle and tinkle and the muffled gurgle of unseen water and as one sped across untried patches flowing fast below our feet remains a most pleasant memory of cutting uncertain ice cover.

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[9] Bruce Calder served in the bishopric in Roosevelt and later in the stake presidency. He also served as acting mayor and member of the city council.

[10] Herald Lambert was Rob's younger brother, who was 16 years older than Theron. He had a two year old daughter at the time, and soon moved to National in Carbon County to mine coal.

The year that I was 14, I was a member of the first Boy Scout troop organized in the Uintah Basin, one of the first two boys in the troop to achieve the rank of First Class. Achievement and standards were higher than now, and advancement from Tenderfoot to Second Class required three months. From Second Class to First Class required six months minimum, and no merit badges could be earned until after you made First Class. I became Senior Patrol Leader for the troop after I made First Class and held the position for slightly over a year when I became an "M-man" in the MIA. As a result of my age and scouting standards that existed, I only advanced to Star rank and missed making Life rank by one merit badge.

My interest in school took an upturn because I had not previously learned that a real school library existed. So, for the first four years I attended classes there I managed to keep abreast of class assignments yet spent about half of every study period devouring the library contents. I began with the Book of Knowledge--volume by volume I read through the series. Then came the Encyclopedia Brittanica from A to Z and every adventure story or historical novel in the place. I had always read everything a year or two in advance of when those pieces were encountered in English literature class.

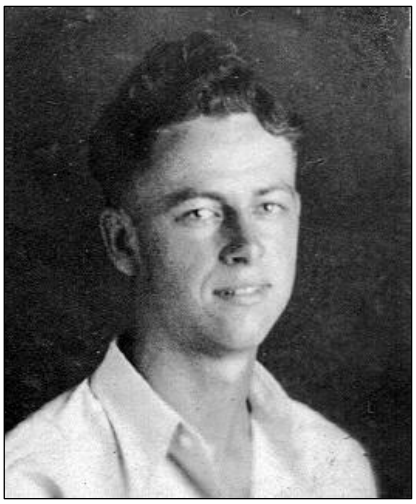
To me, school was exciting and challenging, something new to be tried and fully enjoyed. I enjoyed sports too, but responsibilities to help at home or on my grandfather's farm kept me from serious involvement. I loved to run, so I entered the school cross country competition. They encouraged all boys who would to participate with the high school runners and allowed eighth graders to enter if they desired. Somewhat more than 50 boys began the race each year. I placed 19th in the school. I also ran cross country in the ninth and tenth grades, competing with nearly every able bodied boy in school. I came in seventh my second year. So much for that, though I did manage to beat all my close friends.

Thereafter my "track" efforts were confined to the half mile and high jump. In those days, you did not dive over or lay out and roll over a high jump bar--you jumped so that your upper body was essentially upright as you went across the bar. I placed first in the school in high jump during my eleventh year and won third place for the district.

Football was just making its appearance in our area. The school field was hard, bare graded and rolled earth—no football suits were to be had. I played right end two years, but those years meant practices, which always removed several areas of skin and developed new bruises. I really preferred playing in a cow pasture with its somewhat different hazards.

I played basketball from tenth to twelfth grade as a center in the intramural boy's league and also held the center position in my ward "M" men team during the last two years. In those days center was the most important position. Trying for a varsity team required after school practices and never entered the picture. I was the eldest son and held responsibilities night and morning at home.

In my tenth year, I determined to launch a stage career. I entered the drama department by suggesting the winning advertising slogan for the school play and became advertising manager. I designed stickers and posters and two big-scale banners, helped arrange for sticker printing, painted the posters, etc. With that success behind me, I was allowed to try out for the sophomore one-act plays. I won the lead role and performed without dropping a line. During my 11th grade, I obtained the lead in the three act junior class play and another in the three act MIA play. In the 12th grade I played lead in the senior three-act play, school three-act play, one-act and three-act MIA plays and the three-act (all-boys cast) play and gave several dramatic readings. Yes. This was fun and games, since I could be "varsity," as much of the practice was late enough that home or store responsibilities could be taken care of without interference.



I was in the high school choir and orchestra for two years. Musical bands of the late '20s and '30s were 12-14 pieces if the band was very good, such as Bill Green, Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, etc. The music was very good—good melody and rhythm and low, so dancing couples could converse. We all wore good and clean clothing. Brand names had no meaning for us.

Early in my junior year I composed a prize-winning limerick and became class reporter for the school paper (a monthly) and also advertising manager. By the third issue, my articles had been sufficient to get me the position of assistant editor. Early in the second half of the year due to the illness of the editor, I served as the editor and wrote the editorials. Great! I could expose the deficiencies of students and their lack of appreciation for opportunities of many kinds. I fully enjoyed the notoriety which fell my way.

My only other "athletics" was tennis my last two springs of high school. A number of my boy friends began playing as ninth graders, but it was not until Christmas of my junior year that I received a racquet as my principal gift for Christmas. I determined to learn the strokes and game without any schoolmates seeing me with a tennis racquet. Soon an agreement was reached with my father for the use of a large second story room over the post office (a building owned by my father, grandfather, and a Salt Lake City bank.) I worked for two weeks to rearrange stored merchandise purchased for the general store that was operated by my father so that the room was completely cleared. Then cleaned ceiling walls and floor and scrubbed the tongue-and-groove wooden floor. I arranged a somewhat lower than "standard" net of a wooden frame which I could quickly assemble or disassemble to move out of the way. During this period, I was reading and rereading all I could find on tennis in both the high school and town libraries. I memorized rules,

language of the game, and could speak of any or all strokes and service shots known at the time. Bill Tilden was tops in the world of amateur tennis. I began practicing two or three times a week as spring approached. Soon I thought I could handle service, forehand, and backhand drives with confidence. Lobs and volleying were difficult to assess in the limitations of my practice court.

Eventually a notice appeared on the school bulletin board inviting entrants to sign up for the annual school tennis tournament About 15 names went on record and finally I added my name. I had never been seen with a tennis racquet except by members of my family, while the others had been playing for one to three years, so expressions of unbelief and razzing came my way. The opponent in my first match was a member of the previous year's tennis team. He felt somewhat ashamed to start against me, and I started awkwardly enough, trying to adjust to a real court and proper height net. My service proved quite good and my unusual under spinning on ground strokes kept me in the match. I won the first set in 17 games, lost a prolonged second set, and finally won the match (probably by wearing my opponent out), although I lost my next match against a senior class varsity player. I went on to win the consolation leg of the tournament to the astonishment of classmates and to my satisfaction about their surprise.

Another exciting activity during my eleventh and twelfth years was teaming with six other male friends to build and then develop the skill to fly a pre-glider. Much of our "free" time for six months was required to complete the beautiful monoplane—one month to study, design, and construct clear plans and order materials—five months to build the vehicle.[11]

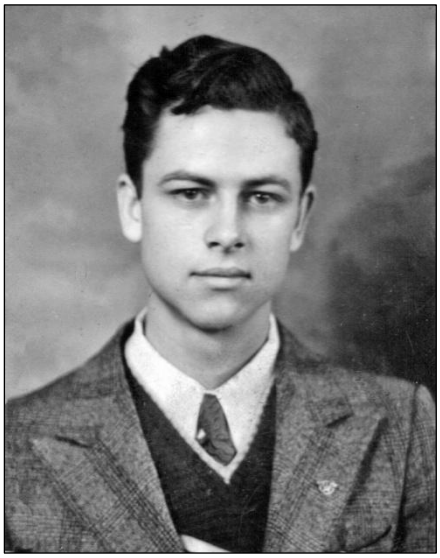
I was deeply interested in radio. For several years I had experimented at home, building and using e/m buzzer sets for morse code signaling—then went on to a low powered spark-gap transmitter that interfered with the neighborhood radio reception and which the few families with radios blamed on Dr. Miles' x-ray equipment. During my sophomore year at high school, my favorite uncle, my father's youngest brother Reed, who had become primarily limited by the "quality" of reproduction achievable with a rigid Bakelite cone, e/m driven, reed-excited speaker from Reed's wonder boxes of parts. By my senior year in high school, several versions of receivers had evolved and been replaced with slightly more up-to-date vacuum tubes (screen grid tubes in RF states and push-pull power output in the final audio and full-wave rectifier A.C.-operated power supply.) The speaker had never been upgraded, but I had learned enough that some townspeople recognized my talents and called me to service their radios or to install antennas, etc. This interest in radio remained high and led to my master's thesis at BYU, which was the first graduate thesis on

[11] According to Theron's daughter Linda, the project was short lived. They launched the glider by pulling it with a truck, and it crashed on the first or second launch.

radio in a Utah College and related to the subject of e/m signal reception and the influence of sunrise-sunset and seasonal effects on the same.

A radio engineer working at Utah Radio in SLC, and now[12] operates a small radio table model in a shop in Sugarhouse, brought two boxes filled with a wide variety of radio components out to Roosevelt as a response to a note from me stating my interest in radio. My father had bought me an elementary paperback describing the operation and functions of various parts of a radio receiver, and I had devoured the printed info and fully believed I could build a receiver if I could get the parts. (Radio sets in our town were still very scarce and dating from 1926, and probably about 40% were battery operated. 70% tuned into stations with two or three tuning dials.)

When I fell heir to Reed's bounties, I quickly assembled a regenerative detector. Father bought me a head set and a 45 volt B battery—the local telephone company gave me "used" A batteries or dry cells gathered from customers' hand cranked telephones. I saved cash to purchase a 100 ft aerial wire via mail order. I was in business. With an aerial some 60 feet above ground and nearly 100 feet long and my ears glued to the headphones late evenings, I logged receptions from Cincinnati, Ohio (east) to Los Angeles (west). Adding a stage at a time—first an audio amplitude state—then a RF state[13]—a second RF which allowed me to eliminate regeneration, finally a second audio state—my receiver had developed into a five stage receiver.



When I graduated from high school in 1932, I was honored as the student who had done the most things outside of classes—advertising manager for the drama department, won parts in six plays, a member of the track team, a reporter for the school paper, assistant editor and then editor for the paper, editor of the year book. I was a member of the debate club that made it to the state finals and lost to West High and a member of the typing team that went to the state finals. I was a class officer in each high school class. I only played tennis in my senior year but beat two members of the tennis club and won the consolation prize for the school.

At the time I didn't think I wanted more formal schooling, but thanks to my father (who had but one year of university) I agreed to start at

[12] As of Theron's writing in 1949.

[13] In early radio, the term RF state or RF stage referred to the part of a radio receiver circuit responsible for processing the incoming signal at its original Radio Frequency (RF) before it was converted to a lower, easier-to-handle frequency.

the BYU. I was offered a full year tuition at the University of Utah, an honor that I declined because I could go to BYU and live for less cost, knowing that I would be welcomed and introduced to the city and university officials by relatives on both the Mackay and Lambert sides including ten cousins my age or a few years younger.[14]

Ephraim Lambert[15] was the first counselor in the stake presidency and was also the Stake Patriarch, who when I was nineteen gave me my patriarchal blessing--an unusual guide to me for many years of a happy and successful life.[16]

In drama I played a part in the MIA three act play (freshman year) in Bonneville Ward. In my junior year I took the lead in a MIA one-act play in Provo First Ward (played in several wards.) I also took the lead in a three-act MIA play in the Provo Fourth Ward my first year as a graduate student. I was offered an appointment to West Point (1934).

Robert Lambert supported Theron's college education but repeatedly warned him not to let his science training interfere with religion. Since his father's concerns influenced Theron's decisions during the next few years, I will add excerpts of some of his letters.

On March 15, 1934 Robert wrote,

> *What theology have you been taking this quarter?... I have no objection to your getting all the science you can and hope you can go to the top in that line...but I trust it will not lead you from the truth of the Gospel. Joseph Smith advanced a lot of truth that was ahead of the science of his day, and since then science has advanced to prove his teachings. Revealed religion and true science will always support and confirm each other; although many theories of scientists may not conform to our belief. I hope you will not get critical of Church doctrine and that you will be fair enough to study it as well as science.*

On October 29, 1934 Robert added, "It seems to me you are overdoing the mathematics side at the expense of other lines." And in an undated letter the same year,

> *I hope you will not forget the spiritual side. If you will study the Gospel as much as you do science, you will see its truth and beauty and the wonder of its philosophy. If you live its teachings, accept its service, and pray for it, you will receive a sure knowledge of its truthfulness that no science can shake.*

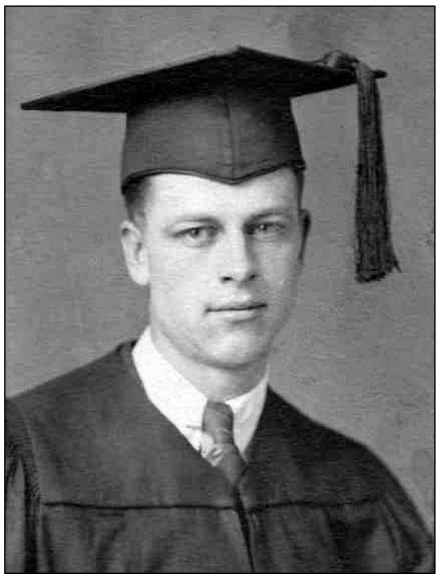
At BYU I played intramural basketball (freshman and sophomore years) as center and also played intramural tennis for two years. I taught a judo (jujutsu) beginner's class when I

[14] Theron went to Provo with Winnie and his brothers in the fall of 1932, staying with Winnie's sister Thursa Green, and returned each summer to Roosevelt.
[15] Theron's grandfather's brother.
[16] Ephraim ordained Theron an elder on September 16, 1934.

was a junior, beginning and advanced judo my senior and first year as grad student—put on exhibition matches in Provo and out of town (can't recall all) several times.

I was a member of a men's social unit for three years while an undergrad at BYU, a charter member of Sigma Pi Sigma Chapter and the National Honorary Physics Society. Also, I was a member of Photo Arts Society, winning several photographic awards during my senior year and first and second grad years.

For two years I acted as assistant staff photographer for the BYU yearbook.



I was an assistant in the physics department beginning my junior year. In my senior year and first grad year I supervised college physics lab classes, lab equipment set-ups, and instrument calibration. My second grad year I was a teaching fellow lecturing in general physics. Three years after my Bachelor of Science degree, the U. of Utah offered me a fellowship in physics, but the "Y" matched their salary offer, and I remained at BYU to teach general physics and photography. (I had never had a class in photography but had been earning pocket change photo finishing for students and a few professors plus yearbook photos and photo arts experience.)

During my senior year and as a grad student I was appointed to be a merit badge counselor for photography and radio in the Timpanogos Boy Scout Council. During my grad time I became an assistant scoutmaster in the Provo Fourth Ward. Later when I taught at Payson Sr. High, I was scoutmaster of our troop during my second year there.

As Theron's scientific interests grew, so did Robert's concern about his son's spirituality. Robert wrote a five-page typewritten letter[17] on May 15, 1937, which said in part:

> *If you continue to work after school closes, I trust you can arrange to work Thursdays and lay off Sundays so that you can get the sacrament and the little rest and spiritual enlightenment as we all should upon the Sabbath….You have not received the spiritual or church development we hoped would come along with your education but we trust it will yet come and that you will help it to come…*
>
> *What I have to write I have been thinking of for a long time, and especially much in the past two months, and in the spirit of prayer. Your mother and I have talked and*

[17] This letter and others during this period are in the possession of his daughter, Linda Lambert Bateman.

consulted and prayed over it… You know our desires are for your good, so read this, dear boy, without resentment, without prejudice, without animosity.

You have shown a little resentment at times when we speak to you of church obligations. It is not a proper attitude and only shows a lack of understanding or lack of doing. It is only the non-tithe payers who resent hearing that law spoken of. I trust the hint is not necessary to you...

I can't blame you for wanting to take the Navy training. There are in it attractions for any young man; … But there are other considerations, and I desire to mention some of them…consider them with a prayerful heart….

I do not feel that aviation is what you have prepared for or should be satisfied with…at the end where would you be?... The Navy training is not along the line we feel is best… (It) would take you mostly where there would be no church or priesthood activity, where you would not often get the valuable help derived from the sacrament; you would associate largely with men who smoke, profane, and in spare time would drink, play cards and gamble their money away; many of whom are immoral and who associate with women of ill repute, men who have not the standards of life you have. A month's weakness may mean a fall that would last a lifetime or more. You likely as yet have not a testimony of the Gospel and your faith is not strongly established, and because of this lack, this environment for four years would have some effect. It would on anyone… The chances are too great to take. WE HOPE YOU WILL NOT TAKE THEM… (Caps are his.)

I wrote you about two months ago advising against the Navy training. Since then, your mother and I have made it a matter of daily prayer and giving it careful consideration. WE FEEL ALIKE, AND OUR ADVICE IS THAT YOU SHOULD NOT CONSIDER IT FURTHER, BUT IN THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER AND WITH THE HELP OF THE LORD, LOOK FOR SOMETHING ELSE… YOU ARE OF AGE, YOU HAVE YOUR FREE AGENCY, YOU CAN DO AS YOU PLEASE WITHOUT CONSIDERING ANYONE ELSE, BUT I AM SURE YOU WON'T. THERE IS TOO MUCH IN YOU AND OTHERS WHOSE DUTY IT IS TO ADVISE AND WHO DO SO AFTER MUCH THOUGHT AND PRAYER. I FEEL I KNOW YOUR DECISION AND GOD BLESS YOU, DEAR BOY FOR IT. POSSIBLY DISAPPOINTING NOW BUT YOU WILL BE GRATEFUL LATER ON.

I trust you will not feel that I am trying to dictate too much….

I lived in Provo from late August 1932 until early September 1939, earning a BS in physics with majors in physics, math, and secondary education with a minor in chemistry in June 1936 and later passed all the exams for Navy Air but finally turned down the appointments

because of my parents' strong wishes for me to prepare to serve my country without wearing a uniform.

My master's degree in physics was awarded in 1938. My master's thesis was the first work in a Utah university by any graduate student on radio or electromagnetic wave phenomena. I reported my study before the Utah Academy of Science in the late spring of 1938.

I married Verl Johansen on September 16, 1938, in Cardston, Alberta Canada. I was very nearly 24 years (six weeks) of age when I married. I married my wife of 52+ years[18] because she represented many concepts which I believed had high values for my life. I met her at the BYU when she had been given three months "leave" from her job to have a quarter of BYU schooling. She had had professional training in Calgary, Alberta, and was working in Lethbridge, Alberta as an interior decorator for a large department store.[19]

In 1939 I earned my secondary school teaching certification and was a Teaching Fellow in the Physics Department.[20]

From Verl's history:

> *We returned to Canada with John and Amelia (Verl's oldest brother and wife) when school was out… Theron worked on the farm with Dad. Dad loaned us a truck with a couch in it, food, and a tarp over the top and we spent our honeymoon in Waterton Park for a week--mostly a fishing trip and long hikes.*

After leaving the BYU they lived in Payson, Utah for three school years while Theron taught math and coached all minor sports. To earn a livelihood, he worked part-time (20 hours per week) at Safeway for three years and was City Recreation Director one summer. The first of our seven children was born in Payson, Allen, who now lives in Ithaca, NY.[21]

To maintain myself financially at the "Y," I worked part time every year during school and full time every summer after my freshman year. Jobs were scarce, so they varied from janitor to fry cook to house painter, grocery clerk, sign painter, men's clothing salesman, women's shoe sale clerk, etc. They were good learning years and held many good and happy times along with the tough and down times.

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[18] This part was written in 1990.

[19] Verl had come to Utah from Canada with her parents and her sister Anna to spend the winter in Provo where their sisters Mable and Nellie were attending BYU. Mable, who was a friend of Theron's, introduced them. Verl returned to Canada in April to work but returned in June for Theron's graduation and brought him home to Canada to become acquainted with her family. After their wedding they returned to Provo by bus, and Theron went back to working part time in Hayward's grocery store while he obtained a teaching certificate, living with his parents and brothers. From Verl's history written fall 2004.

[20] In September 1939 WWII broke out in Europe when Hitler's forces invaded Poland..

[21] From introductory letter to their daughter-in-law Lisa's parents in 1988. Allen was born in Payson June 27, 1940.

Verl wrote:

> *December 7, 1941 the U.S. entered the war after the Japanese bombing attack on Pearl Harbor. When school ended at Payson High, Theron got a job as paymaster at Geneva, traveling to work on the Orem train. Theron's youngest brother, Wayne, only 16 years old, took special radio training for a year and then went into the Navy as a radio specialist.*

In 1942 I filed an application to the U.S. Army Signal Corps, as I felt that I should do something more "active" for the War effort. And while I was working with the Paymaster's Department for the three combined contractors who were building the Geneva Steel Plant, I received an offer for a Civil Service job (Jr. Assistant Physicist at $2,000 per year) the lowest step in Civil Service at that time. I was qualified for Associate Physicist at $3,200 per year but was totally uninformed about the Civil Service). I was making $110 to $115 per week at Geneva and had risen from number eight to number four, encouragement to remain with the contractors. We had a $500,000 weekly payroll. I was responsible for approximately 300 daily time cards, all of the deductions for the whole payroll, and a member of a special auditing team that quarterly were responsible for auditing nearly $10 million in equipment (one of two men from the payroll department.)

I accepted a Civil Service appointment in the summer of 1942 at the U.S. Army Signal Corps Development Lab in Fort Monmouth, New Jersey. I left Provo by bus on Labor Day, September 7, 1942, to go to my new job. At that time there was only one stretch of freeway in the U.S. It began somewhere east of Chicago and headed towards NYC or Philadelphia. There was no speed limit and people in cars were driving 90 mph. I was glad to be traveling in a bus doing 75 mph.

Our first stop that night was Philadelphia, and as I hadn't eaten all day, I went looking for a bowl of soup. I plunked down a silver dollar to pay for it. The owner of the soup kitchen had never seen a silver dollar. He read it carefully on both sides, bit it, and bounced it on the table top. I told him I was from Utah and silver dollars were commonplace and used regularly. A fellow came over, who said he had recently visited Montana and everyone had silver dollars and used them daily, so my silver dollar was accepted. We went to NYC before going onto Red Bank, N.J., where I had accepted the Civil Service job.

NYC was an experience for me because of its location on the eastern seaboard. Everything was blacked out. No light escaped from any building. Car headlights were painted black except for a vertical strip about an inch wide on each head light. With these stripes of light rushing down the streets, I had difficulty crossing a street.

Red Bank, New Jersey by commuter train was about one hour out of NYC. I rented a room and dinner in a private home while I looked for a place for our family (Verl, Allen, and myself) to live.

The next town south was Eaton Town across the road from the main gate into Ft. Monmouth. A few miles further south was Long Branch on the sea coast. I was assigned to work in Long Branch, New Jersey in a research position of the quartz crystal division. While I was green regarding Civil Service, the job proved beneficial for me.

I was assigned to work in what had been a big department store that the Fire Department had condemned, so there was no smoking in the building and 25 or 30 people were on the sidewalk smoking all day. It wasn't long before people in the city were commenting about the sidewalk loafers, and the daily newspaper began to state its thoughts about the disgrace, so my division head, a major in the Army, called in the fire department, and a new plan was agreed upon. A large black square was to be painted on each floor, and if people stood in that square they could smoke. My problem: I had been assigned a small research group of five people on the second floor right next to the black square, so I went home each night smelling strongly of tobacco. It wasn't a happy situation.

While Verl and Allen were living with my parents in Provo, I began to delve into problems occurring in MIL quartz crystal units in the Air Force, Navy, or Army. Crystal units were being manufactured for all the radio receivers and transmitters in all our military to lock each operating communication channel into its assigned carrier frequency. In 1939 the U.S. was making less than 200,000 units per week—by the end of WWII we were making slightly over a million units per week. In 1942 the mounted quartz plates were all housed in "rigid, solid" plastic holders, and most were failing to operate after three to eight months in service.

My group had been asked to examine failed crystal units to see why they were failing. We discovered the trouble but were not sure how to overcome it. Before the U.S. entered the War, Bell Laboratory data had been used to set the standards for all U.S. Armed Forces in the Army, the Navy, and the Air Force. They were requiring everyone to use special test equipment that cost $3,000 to test crystal units.

After learning how raw quartz (from stream beds in Brazil) was tested and marked, oriented for cutting with diamond saws, cut and lapped to finished dimensions, mounted, and housed, I began to study failures in AT, BT, CT, and DT cuts. The first two covered frequencies from 2-20 megahertz, while the last two covered frequencies from 100-500 kilohertz. It didn't take long to learn that the difficulty was water migrating through the plastic holders and altering the frequency or causing its plate to stop vibrating altogether.

Before long I told my division head that with a few parts from our storeroom, I could determine significant quartz parameters. He gave me approval, and for $25 I studied the most used crystal units—AT and BT thickness shear units and CT and DT face shear units, hundreds of each. And my data was 100% higher than Bell Laboratory data. When he asked if I could improve my equipment, I said "yes" and was told to try and repeat my test data. So, for another $5 I improved my accuracy and test data on the many crystal units. My data was 120% higher than the Bell Laboratory data.

My division head asked and paid for Dr. Cady, who was chairman of the Physics Department at Wesleyan University in Connecticut and was writing a graduate text on piezoelectricity to come and review my procedure and data. Dr. Cady came and reviewed my work and reported that my procedure and data were reliable and should be accepted.[22]

The values of crystal unit quartz that I could determine were far different from the BTL values[23] that had been used as standard for crystal units in our military since 1936. Without going through all the details, my values were accepted as standard for the U.S. military and remained until NRL[24] developed slightly improved values in 1948 using very expensive and elaborate test equipment.

But I digress. While waiting for war time housing to be built near Eaton Town so that I could rent a place for us to live, I spent a Saturday seeing Long Branch. Around the turn of last century, Long Branch had been a very popular seaside resort with many of the summer visitors coming from NYC. As I was walking and looking over the city, I came across the city library and by custom (mine) I entered. Inside the front door there were glass showcases on both sides of the entry. I looked at the objects displayed in the showcase on my right and then walked across to the other showcase. As I approached the display, I could see a book that had been opened up and as I came close I could recognize it as a Book of Mormon. Moreover, it was one of the first printings. I had never seen one before, though I've seen two others since moving to southern California.

As I bent over to examine and read all I could of the open B. of M., the librarian called to me saying "if you are interested in that book, I have something here you should see." I walked over to the librarian's desk, indicating my interest. She reached under her desk and pulled out a copy of the Congressional Record of recent date and pointed to a full column article on

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[22] Dr. Walton Guyton Cady was a noted American physicist and electrical engineer for the Naval Experimental Station at Wesleyan University in New London, Connecticut, who had developed the first quartz crystal oscillator. Theron later edited Professor Cady's graduate physics text "Piezoelectricity" published in 1946, a graduate-level physics or engineering-physics text. At the time the book was published, Theron was 32.
[23] In the context of electronics, particularly for components used in audio and radio circuits, BTL is an abbreviation for Bridge-Tied Load. A BTL configuration is a specific type of amplifier output circuit design, and the term BTL values would refer to the performance specifications of an amplifier operating in this mode.
[24] NRL probably means Navy Research Laboratories.

the front page and suggested that I read it. I read the article, which reported an archaeologist expedition into Central America that was sponsored by two organizations with headquarters in Washington, D.C., and the article mentioned using the Book of Mormon to help plan their study. I was then asked to note the date and number of the Congressional Record. The librarian reached under her desk and pulled out another Congressional Record—the same date and number as the first I had been handed, and she said, "Now read this column." I read the column, which was in the identical location on the front page with very nearly the same story except no reference to the Book of Mormon. The librarian, who was not LDS and had never seen me before, told me the following:

The Congressional Record that I was handed first had been delivered at the regular time some ten days before I entered the library. The second copy with no mention of the Book of Mormon had arrived about five days later with a typed note telling her to destroy the first copy, but to retain and file the second copy. Her curiosity had led her to discover the only difference in the two copies were references to the Book of Mormon. I'm grateful to her and her curiosity because it is possible that it is related to the second experience that happened to me at Tufts University in October of 1943.

Verl wrote,

> *In the summer of '42 the family moved to Eatontown, New Jersey.[25] Allen and I took the train back to New Jersey near the end of October (1942) when Theron was able to get into war time emergency housing—a big development hastily made in the county called Alfred Vale Homes outside of Fort Monmouth.[26]*

> *Our home was open to the few missionaries and servicemen. It was a rare weekend that we didn't find several in our home… The Long Branch consisted of about six families and about 20 soldiers that came and went. Theron served in the only LDS branch as Sunday school superintendent and both of us gave intermittent missionary service.*

[25] Verl's letter of introduction to Lisa Bills' parents after her engagement to Ralph in 1988.
[26] From her autobiography.

*Theron wrote to his parents on Sunday, January 3, 1943, the first day that he conducted Sunday school as superintendent, to thank them for a box of fruit they had sent. He was sorry that Winnie was "*suffering so much pain*." He also reassured them concerning his testimony.*

> I know that if I do my part I will strengthen my testimony here almost as much as if I had been called to serve a regular mission. I'm very happy about it. Can you tell from my scanty remarks? I want you and father to know and to feel that all will be well with us here.

I started as a Junior Assistant Scientist and earned a double promotion to Associate Physicist, moving from an annual salary of $2,000 to $3,200 per year. My values for critical parameters for thickness shear quartz crystals became the standard for the United States Armed Forces (Army, Navy, Air Force), replacing values developed at Bell Telephone Laboratories, and I was appointed group leader for quartz crystal research and found time to take classes at Rutgers University.

Verl wrote,

> *During the summer of '43 with help and encouragement from his commanding officer, Theron accepted a position as assistant Professor of Physics and Radio at Tufts…We moved to Somerville—one block off the University Campus and Theron began teaching in the fall quarter…. Our nearest LDS meetings were in the Cambridge Branch—a long bus and subway ride from our home… We both served as special part-time missionaries. Our second son, Roger, was born in Medford. Our home was open to missionaries and servicemen on leave away from home.*

Omitting details, I accepted an assistant professor of physics and radio position at Tufts College (now University) in Boston during August 1943,[27] where I remained through December 1945. Tufts had not developed an engineering department at that time and "electronics" was not yet the "in" word. During the War, Tufts taught twelve months a year on a quarter basis. They taught the Navy V-12 program[28] and did considerable research for the U.S. Army Signal Corps. I began teaching engineering physics, acoustics, and a full year course of radio engineering and the one quarter course in basic electronics—teaching twelve hours per week plus 30 hours per week research on Quartz crystals (AT-cut). My work was six long days each week of the year. My information on quartz crystals became the standard for all the U.S. Armed Forces, replacing Bell Laboratory Data, where for a number of years I wasn't well liked. I produced the first experimental demonstration of quartz plate vibratory modal shift due to small incremental temperature changes and

[27] Verl wrote that they arrived at Tufts around September 1. In October the college got them into "nice housing" in Summerville, just off the Tufts Campus.

[28] The Navy V-12 program (officially the V-12 Navy College Training Program) was a large-scale, accelerated officer training initiative established by the U.S. Navy during World War II. It officially began on July 1, 1943.

developed a technique for automatic recording of the resonant frequency spectrum for high frequency quartz resonators.

Skipping over many of the lessons I learned as "foreigner" in Boston during my early months at Tufts, I had early been made aware I was the first LDS to join the faculty of Tufts College and the Jackson School (the first term referring to a college for men and the second term to a college for women—one campus, one faculty, one set of buildings--girls and boys in classes together but it was not a co-educational school—two individual colleges at the same place and time.)

I had only been teaching a few weeks at Tufts when Professor Harrison, physics department chairman, called to my office saying my schedule showed I would be available there for the next two hours. I answered affirmatively and he said, "I have a friend in my office, who would like to meet you." Shortening the affair, in a few minutes the two men walked into my office and Professor Harrison introduced a Dr. Neal and then excused himself and returned to his office. Dr. Neal, long head of the zoology department prior to his retirement in 1941 spoke, "You are the first Mormon to become a member of our faculty." I admitted that I had heard that it was so. He immediately said, "I just wanted to see what a Mormon looked like."

With that introduction, we sat down and spent 1¼ hours telling each other of our interests, research and of our convictions of Christ. While his concept of God differed from mine, he had a deep belief in God.[29]

My testimony I did not receive until my very late twenties. I'd had too much of some kind of schooling, I guess, I'd been at the Y for years. But finally, in Boston, a long ways from my home, the Holy Ghost revealed to me or reviewed for me many things and then testified to me on the reality of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, of the Book of Mormon, of Joseph Smith.[30]

In March, seven months pregnant, Verl returned with Allen to New Jersey to complete her naturalization as a U.S. citizen. On May 18, 1944, Roger was born in Massachusetts. When he was blessed by Theron, Apostle John A. Widtsoe stood in the circle. The Cambridge Branch was the headquarters of the New England Mission at that time. They met in a big, remodeled house formerly owned by Longfellow next door to the mission home. The branch had about 100 people including mostly scholars at Harvard and MIT.

At the end of September 1944 Verl and the two boys caught a ride with a woman driving to Utah and stayed a month with Theron's parents in Salt Lake City and visited her parents, who had been living in Milburn, Utah near Fairview. Verl and the boys returned in November by

[29] This fragment of autobiography ends abruptly mid-sentence; the rest of the document is missing.
[30] This paragraph is from Theron's sacrament meeting talk in Provo on July 28, 1996, 12 days before his death.

train. Allen was four and Roger was six months old. Theron spent his birthday alone on October 29 and wrote to his parents.

> I wish you could feel like letting Verl know if you like the boys. A little sincere praise and/or admiration (if deserved) about our sons would please Verl a great deal. I do want Allen to learn to know and love his grandparents as much as possible on this visit to Utah. He needs sources of affection and praise and encouragement from 'folks' of his own besides his parents. Build him up a bit—tell him something that he can remember about you after he gets back to Boston.

Theron was expecting an important visit from officials from Ft. Monmouth and Washington, D.C. to evaluate his work, but he still seemed painfully aware of his father's disapproval.

> Perhaps you are a bit disappointed in me because I'm not willing to do more in the Church or get more interested in formal study of the gospel. But I don't see it--and seldom turn down a request for help from church officials and I do some reading about religion every week. I have developed a much stronger testimony during the past two years. Try to live a clean, dependable life to be helpful where I can--to be a good husband and father—but my actual participation and attendance to Church activities is not anything to brag about. I couldn't spend the time Maurice does with Church work, and I'd holler and laugh if Verl did the things Phyllis does. Time spent with my family is more valuable to me than many enjoyable activities I could take part in through the Church organizations. I'm prayerful, but not too humble; stubborn, but not entirely blind to differences in opinion; inquisitive but not upset about the things I don't understand. I try to do the 'right' but know I often fail to do the best I can. For the most part, I'm happy and optimistic and anxious to see and hear as many different things as I can. Very proud of my parents, grateful for their counsel and love.[31]

According to Verl, about that time, Theron was drafted into the military and commanded to appear in three days for duty. Since his university president Carmichael was head of the War Manpower Commission in Washington D.C., the call was canceled on the argument that Theron was too valuable and indispensable to the war effort.

At Tufts, I was the first LDS on the faculty. We taught twelve months during the year—no vacation—a lot of V-12 boys who were headed for the Navy. Part of my contract was thirty hours a week doing research for the U.S. Army Signal Corps, where I had worked in New Jersey, and a full load of classes. I taught engineering physics (a large class) and acoustics and at least three classes in what was then known as radio engineering plus some laboratories. It was a busy time but a good time for me. I was able to accomplish two firsts

[31] Quoted from a letter written from Boston on Wednesday, November 1, 1944.

for the Signal Corps. The first was to demonstrate that a change of one degree in temperature could cause a quartz crystal to change from one mode of operation to another, and a rapid way of recording quartz crystal behavior so that small dimensional changes could be identified and recorded.

Shortly after VJ Day[32] I mailed out resumes to a number of universities looking for a job (hoping I could finish a PhD in physics.) Then our doctor told Verl she could expect twins.[33]

Verl wrote that Theron and five other men got a week off and drove night and day to Utah, where Theron briefly visited his parents. On November 8, 1945, Theron was back in Boston and wrote again to his parents.

> We are having four prints finished of the pictures of the two boys. Verl hasn't felt too spry[34]—It's very difficult to get someone to come in and look after the baby and relieve Verl of trying to manage him while shopping. I'm so darn busy I can't get settled long enough to think clearly. I am doing a lot of writing about jobs and schools, writing a four-part technical paper on crystals, taking an advanced mathematics course at Tufts, and carrying on a fulltime job search. The boys have had coughs. Allen was out of school two days—now is attending… Our plans are quite undecided. I wish I had a place where I could have Verl and the boys live for a few months the first of next year. They need to be near relatives while I go out to look for a decent place to work and live. It's hard to find a job where we would care to make our home. I want to look over the West Coast and Utah regions pretty thoroughly, but can't see leaving Verl and boys here in Massachusetts alone and expect them to move and travel by themselves… I hope that I can in some measure live up to your standards and bring up my sons to have the ideals you passed on to me.

I received four offers—positions at Wesleyan University in Connecticut, University of Wisconsin, University of Missouri, and UCLA. Dr. Linford, who worked at Harvard during the war, had been chairman of the physics department at Utah State. We had become fairly well acquainted with him in the Cambridge Branch in Boston. He talked me out of Connecticut and Missouri and recommended Wisconsin and UCLA in that order, although I was acquainted with the top men in the physics department in Connecticut. I probably would have finished up my PhD had I gone to Connecticut.[35]

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[32] VJ Day celebrated victory in Japan in WWII, September 2, 1945.

[33] That would have been around October or November 1945. (According to Verl's history, she did not know that she was pregnant with twins until about February 25th when the doctor in Lethbridge x-rayed her.)

[34] The boys were by this time five and a half and 18 months. Verl was about six months pregnant.

[35] Theron resigned from Tufts in December 1945, shortly after Japan's surrender.

> We are beginning to pack our trunk and boxes preparatory to leaving for Utah. We bought a car—'41 Hudson 4-door sedan[36] —only 31,000 miles--so if it runs as it should we will get along alright. The school has agreed to pay me for the full month, providing I work Wednesday and Thursday after Christmas. If all arrangements are made and we can be ready, we plan to leave here early December 28—expect to reach SLC 4,5, or 6th of January… Would you please run an advertisement in the SL papers for one or two passengers to Sacramento or San Francisco about January 5th?... I will pay for expenses involved.[37]

Theron accepted an offer from UCLA and in late December and early January the family drove from Boston to SLC, where Verl and the boys arranged to fly to Lethbridge, Alberta for Verl to deliver the twins. Theron had been warned against bringing his family to California until housing was available.

According to Verl, the car broke down in Craig, Colorado, so they took the bus on to Roosevelt, arriving to help celebrate the 50th wedding anniversary of Theron's grandparents, Joseph Heber and Alice M. Lambert, and then took the bus to Theron's parents in Salt Lake City. Theron took a bus back to Craig to pick up the repaired car. Verl stayed in Salt Lake until January 24th when they flew in small planes to Lethbridge. She was huge and uncomfortable with her pregnancy, which she may not yet have known was twins. Verl and the boys stayed in Alberta with her parents.

From Utah, Theron went on to California to start his new job, and when he called at UCLA, they asked Theron to work in San Diego at the Navy Harbor Laboratory, which had been under UCLA's direction.

The twins, Glen and Dale, were born March 1, 1946 in Lethbridge. After her recovery, Verl and the boys crossed the border by car on their way to Salt Lake City on May 25th. Theron came up from his wartime housing in Pacific Beach in June to pick them up. Somehow they fit into the car their baggage, four children, Delbert Palmer, and a fourteen year old cousin named Iona Snyder to help with the twins and drove day and night to Point Loma in San Diego, finding a bush for a bathroom while crossing the desert. The rest of their belongings had been shipped from Boston in trunks.

Theron was ordained a high priest by Spencer W. Kimball on November 4, 1946.[38]

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[36] The car was bought from the new widow of a faculty member.

[37] Theron letter to his parents on December 18, 1945.

[38] Line of priesthood authority from Verl's notes: Heber J. Grant had ordained Spencer W. Kimball as apostle October 7, 1943. George Q. Cannon ordained Heber J. Grant October 16, 1882. Brigham Young ordained George Q. Cannon August 26, 1860. Brigham Young was ordained an apostle February 14, 1835 by the Three Witnesses: Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris. The Three Witnesses were set apart to ordain

There (in San Diego) I taught in the E. E. Department[39] for several years. I joined Naval Electronics Laboratory as section and branch head for transducer development for the U.S. Navy. (NEL was a major U.S. Navy research and development laboratory that conducted work in electronics, radio communications, and especially sonar and underwater sound. It was on Point Loma in San Diego. For the past 43 years I've averaged 50 hours per week working at a livelihood.[40]

Verl's parents visited them for ten days in February 1947, and Theron's mother came for two weeks in May. In May and June Theron spent several weeks visiting friends and business acquaintances on the East Coast and attended General Conference in Salt Lake in both April and October. Verl flew to Canada in August for three weeks, leaving the boys with Theron when her brother John suddenly died. They were still living in a housing unit, hoping against good sense that some miracle will make it possible to purchase a house.[41]

Linda was born in San Diego February 8, 1948. In April Theron made another trip to Washington and New York City but missed Boston. In July the family drove to Alberta and back over four weeks, stopping in Utah on the way.

Theron participated in writing the official history of the Navy during WWII. It was a massive undertaking led by the distinguished historian, Samuel Eliot Morison. Theron could have collaborated in the writing any time between 1947, when the first draft was completed and 1962, when the last volume was printed.[42]

Theron wrote a letter to his parents from San Diego on August 8, 1948:

> The letter I had a week ago from Father brought several surprises. But the advice was good, sincere, and I'll try to follow it. Rather shabby treatment from the hotel! (It) certainly was not a development that could have been anticipated. With that I knew more of your plans though my observations wouldn't be worth much, I guess. We are still doing some house hunting. We couldn't afford the Alleman house (it sold for $11,400) but have one under consideration which we like much better. It is a stucco with six rooms and service porch with hardwood floors and many built in

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the Twelve Apostles under the hands of the First Presidency Joseph Smith, Frederick G. Williams, and Sidney Rigdon. Joseph Smith was ordained by Peter, James and John in 1829.

[39] Electronic Engineering Department.

[40] He wrote this in 1990.

[41] Verl's Christmas letter 1947.

[42] Immediately after the attack on Pearl Harbor, the Harvard history professor proposed to his friend, President Franklin D. Roosevelt, that he be allowed to write a history of the naval war from an insider's perspective. In May 1942 Morison was commissioned as a Lieutenant commander in the Naval Reserve and given permission to see all official records and even participate in naval operations. He interviewed hundreds of officers and seamen. The final work was "History of United States Naval Operations in World War II," a monumental 15-volume series published between 1947 and 1962. Morison considered this his most important work.

cabinets, bookcases, desk, etc.—a fireplace—shower in bath, fine garage, 60 x 140 foot lot. They are asking $10,000 and we haven't made up our minds just what we would offer. Will probably end up living where we are for at least a year even though we can't see much decline in real estate prices in the near future… We were fortunate enough to obtain a new ABC washer ($103) through an LDS friend who works for a San Diego furniture store. That makes us feel quite wealthy and greatly relieved, for when Iona leaves we would find it impossible for Verl to take the clothes over to Christensen's as she has been doing.

Last night I presented a technical paper before a group of 80-90 electronic and radio engineers. My material, in part original, was well organized and I was thoroughly prepared. I spoke for 75 minutes and then they held me for nearly 30 minutes with questions. I feel well repaid for my efforts for a dozen of the key men--both Navy and civilian—from the NEL[43] were present. Next Monday and Tuesday I'm to give a series of four lectures on theory and design of transducers to a group of selected Navy officers, who have just finished a year of graduate study at UCLA and group leaders from the sonar development department of NEL…If I can pass these tests, I'll have made a considerable step forward in getting acquainted with people who can help me learn how to take care of my job here… From the statements in Father's letter, you folks must have singled out one of my remarks as a criticism, when actually nothing could have been farther from my mind. If there is one thing that has been impressed on me, it is the remarkable judgement you two have employed in dealing with your children. I know that that doesn't ensure that your sons turn out to be all that you could desire, but I've surely been given some splendid examples to try and follow. It was just that I'd like to be able to let you folks know some of the things I wonder about. And again, it was my way of being interested in my brother. I admire and respect Wayne for his decision about a mission and shall be very proud to have him preach a doctrine I subscribe to. I have no fear that Wayne may misjudge me, for we talked some about his plans while he was in San Diego and I feel rather confident that he has reason to respect my attitudes toward the Church.

In January 1949 Theron's parents and Verl's sister Anna visited San Diego. Theron spent three weeks in February on the east coast, and Verl's parents visited them in San Diego in March. Theron was released in July as counselor when a new bishop was chosen. Dale became ill with polio in August and was still in the hospital when Verl wrote the family's Christmas letter. Theron visited his parents for Thanksgiving.

[43] Navy Electronics Lab.

Dale was released from the hospital after nine months in April. In July Verl traveled to the Johansen reunion in Canada but came back early when she learned that Theron and four of the children all came down with mumps.

April 16, 1950 census in San Diego on Diamond Street: Allen nine, Roger five, Glen and Dale four, Linda two. In November Theron spent two weeks in New England presenting a paper in Boston.

In February 1951 Verl's parents and her sister Donna visited, and during Easter vacation her nephew Frank Johansen and Theron's brother Wayne spent Easter break from BYU with them. In June Theron and Verl drove with the whole family to Utah for conference over a long weekend. Allen went on to Canada to work on the farm that summer. In July the whole family went to Canada, visiting every western state and two Canadian provinces, bringing Allen back via Richland, Washington to visit Maurice, a trip of nearly a month.

They returned to Canada in 1953 for the Johansen gathering of 49 relatives for Verl's parents' 50th wedding anniversary.

Theron wrote to his parents on March 26, 1954:

> I'm on my way home after being in Washington nearly a week… With good luck I'll get a short time with Wayne. I've been in Washington longer than I had hoped. However, I left England[44] earlier than I had planned when I originally made my best guesses before leaving San Diego. And the earliest accommodation they could get for my flight from Washington to San Francisco was the 26th of March. The trip has been very instructive as well as interesting, but I'm anxious to get back to Verl and the children… Two weeks ago in Weymouth, the almond and cherry trees were opening up, and the lawns were nearly as green as ours in San Diego. In fact, I found a lot of surprises in England. I could adjust to the climate—the food agreed with me wherever I was. The hotel service was very good. The English seemed to be doing better than many accounts I had read. Yesterday was the second day (I had one in London) except for weekends when I've had a whole day to do as I pleased. So, I didn't do much of anything… Last Sunday I attended Sunday school here in Washington…

Theron spent several weeks on the East coast in March. That spring Verl won the Sweepstakes Award in the Pacific Beach flower show for her arrangements and corsages. Kevin was born April 29, 1954 in San Diego.

Ralph was born in San Diego October 7, 1955. Theron attended a Navy symposium in Philadelphia.

[44] Theron had gone to England as a representative of the Bureau of Ships, a trip of six weeks.

Theron was called on a stake mission in San Diego on March 26, 1956. In July the family bought a Ford Country Sedan and took the children on a month-long trip to Utah and Canada and visited Theron's parents on the way home. A week later, his father, Robert Lambert had a stroke in Salt Lake City and died before they could get back to him. They spent time with Winnie and Theron's two brothers and families.

I became the section and branch head at the U.S. Navy Electronics Lab, beginning as a Physicist GS-7 and advancing to GS-12 over the decade 1946-1956 while producing many firsts in in electroacoustic transducer development, serving on three national committees (Standards for Piezoelectric Crystals and Ceramics, the U.S. Navy Transducer Committee, and the Joint Committee Acoustical Society of America and American Standards for Testing Matters on Ultrasonics.) I also served as Scientific Observer for the Navy Department stationed in the United Kingdom.

Theron was set apart as second counselor in Ocean Beach Ward Aug 1956. By Christmas, the Lamberts' house was for sale as they prepared to move to Salt Lake City for another job.

When I moved to Salt Lake City, I became Chief Engineer and then Vice President of Engineering at Electro Ceramics Inc., helping the company to grow from 19 to 80 employees, firmly establishing it as a source of piezoceramic and piezoelectric components and transducers. I was an invited speaker at two industry sponsored national symposia, two regional education and industry conferences, and one national Navy sponsored symposium. I was appointed by the governor of Utah to serve on the Utah State Committee on Education and Industry.

Theron went to Salt Lake City ahead of the family just after New Year 1957. Verl and the rest of the family stayed to sell the house, but Verl flew to Salt Lake in March to inspect their new house there and see her father, which turned out to be the last time she saw him alive. The San Diego house sold the following week and after packing for a month, Verl and Allen, now 17, drove the station wagon full of the eight of them and everything that didn't get into the moving van to Salt Lake City where Theron and Winnie had prepared their new house near Mill Creek Canyon on 3994 Crestview Drive. A week later, Allen returned to San Diego to finish out the school year.

Verl's father, John Johansen, died August 23,1957 in Cardston. Theron was in San Francisco, but he took a plane home, and except for Dale, who was in a hip length cast, the family went to Canada. That year Theron took three business trips to the east coast and two to California.

Theron became vice president in charge of engineering and research for a firm formed by the merger of Electro-Ceramics and King Laboratory in 1958 and traveled coast to coast several times consulting and promoting sales.

January 2, 1961 Allen left on his mission to France. Theron took numerous business trips that year throughout the country.

Verl wrote in her Christmas letter, that 1962 had brought a major policy change in the EDO operation of Electro Ceramics. Rather than accept an offer to move East, Theron chose to keep the family in Salt Lake City and moved to the local Montek engineering firm, which specialized in reactor control systems, high frequency radio instrumentation, solid state circuitry and ASW (Anti-Submarine Warfare) engineering. Besides serving in a senior staff position for Montek, Theron performed selected consulting services for two other industrial firms. His varied activities in electronics and ultrasonics involved more than a dozen out of state trips. He also presented two papers at the annual BU Engineering Symposium in April.[45]

In September 1963 Roger went to Scotland on a mission shortly after Allen returned from France. That year Verl made two trips to Canada, and the family visited San Diego in June. In July Theron and Verl took a trip to the east coast with Glen, Dale, and Linda. It was a sightseeing trip including Niagara Falls, Palmyra, the Sacred Grove, New York City, Washington, Carthage, and Nauvoo to meet Allen coming home from his mission. Theron took over a dozen trips for the Montek division of MEMCOR.

In the fall of 1964, I joined Aerojet Electro Systems Company in Azusa, California as head of transducer development, retaining responsibility for underwater acoustic research and development efforts through 1982. I received my last Civil Service rating in 1964 as a scientist GS-15 level but decided to remain in the West rather than a post at the Pentagon.

According to Verl, Theron was "miraculously unhurt" when the old station wagon was totaled in a collision with a snow plow during his move to California ahead of the family.

The family followed Theron to southern California after the house in Salt Lake City was sold in April 1965. Theron had been living in a one-room apartment until the family arrived in June after the kids were out of school and moved into an older two story "Spanish style" house. Verl's mother, Nellie Johansen died July 12th in Lethbridge. The family drove to Canada for the funeral.

The family found the house they needed in the foothills on the north edge of Claremont on 709 Silver Tree Street after months of looking and moved into it in August 1966. Their Pontiac was demolished during a trip to Utah causing minor injuries to four of the family. They bought a Buick Electra to take them back to Claremont.

At Aerojet-General much of Theron's attention was devoted to the development of a new acoustic countermeasure for undersea warfare. The business took him to Florida, San Diego, Salt Lake and three trips to New England in 1966.

[45] The language suggests that Theron helped to write that Christmas letter.

While Verl gardened and landscaped the large yard, she attended a gardening class. Theron was involved in devising generators for underwater sound. That spring his proposal for a new type of acoustic projector won Aerojet an entry into submarine sonar development. They took another trip to Canada the summer of 1967. In 1968 Theron continued his work on undersea acoustics and made several trips to the East coast. Allen was working on his Ph.D., Roger was in dental school, Dale returned from his mission in Florida, Dale, Glen, and Linda were at BYU, and Kevin and Ralph were at home in Claremont.

Roger married Sue Anne Speakman on June 21, 1969. The rest of the children were in school at various levels. In 1970, Dale, Linda, and Glen graduated from BYU. Theron was a member of the Pomona Stake Aaronic youth committee and Ward Sunday school superintendent. At work he was named one of six key technical men in the Naval Systems Department at Aerojet remaining heavily committed to new undersea system development tasks. Major changes in corporate and plant management during 1970 added uncertainties to the future considerably beyond those of decreased Navy contracting. The position of the Undersea Warfare Department at Aerojet remained precarious during 1971, according to Verl's annual Christmas letter, and in 1972, Theron continued Undersea Acoustics work at Aerojet. Government funding was significantly reduced, making "uncertainty" a way of life for the Lamberts. During the summer he again advised the Canadian Navy from Vancouver Island, and he remained active in his stake and ward positions. That year Glen graduated at the top of his class with a Master's in Psychiatric Social work and was commissioned as an officer in the army. Dale graduated ninth in his class of 163 in Law School. Roger, Sue Anne and their son Mark moved to Santa Monica where Roger was buying a dental practice. Allen was on the faculty of the State University of Arkansas.

In 1973, Glen married Marijane Johnson on January 29th. Dale went to work as legislative assistant to Representative Gunn Mackay in Washington. Linda married Kim Bateman, a medical student. Theron, a senior scientist at Aerojet in marine technology, made several trips to the east coast. Kevin graduated from Citrus College with high honors and went to Argentina on a mission in 1974. Theron was called as patriarch in the La Verne Stake, still working at Aerojet at the age of 60.

I was on the Stake Aaronic Priesthood committee of the Pomona Stake for over two years. and on the La Verne Stake High Council for two years. President Hinkley, who was then an apostle, came to our stake in Southern California and called me as a stake patriarch of the LaVerne, California Stake where I served for twenty years.[46]

Now the thing that makes it important to me was that when I was a kid, my Grandmother Lambert had the opportunity of calling all her relatives together three of four times a year

[46] Theron was set apart as stake patriarch by Gordon B. Hinkley in January 1974. His total time served as patriarch was 20 years.

for special dinners… (One of them was) her husband's brother, Ephraim, a member of the stake presidency. All the time I was growing up Uncle Eph was the stake patriarch and gave me my patriarchal blessing when I was 19. These men would gather around the stove in the dining room while the women were finishing bringing the food to the table… I was not permitted to be in the circle as a child, around the stove, but was close enough that I could hear most things… When I was called as a patriarch, everything that I ever heard at my grandparent's' home about unusual experiences on the stake patriarch's person…. happened to me. And as I came to rely on the Lord, then I knew that his blessing could be answered rather directly, within one, two, or three hours…. We had an opportune time to see the Lord's blessings poured out in unusual ways.[47]

Except for this account of his time as patriarch, Theron's autobiography essentially ignored the years between his move to California in 1964 until 1990, when he took it up again.

From Verl's 1975 Christmas letter:

> *Theron continues as a Sr. Technical specialist at Aerojet—a key participant in winning two new jobs this year—guest speaker at a classified Navy Workshop in November—beginning work on a new device for generation extra low frequency acoustic energy in the sea. Dale married Jan Clitheroe in July. Glen and Marijane transferred to the Presidio in San Francisco where he was a therapist at Letterman Hospital. Ralph graduated from college. Theron's mother Winnie spent two long visits at Claremont. In 1976 Allen moved to Salt Lake City. Ralph was serving a mission in Australia. Allen moved to graduate school in Cornell. Roger moved to Fresno. Glen and Marijane moved briefly to Ogden, and then to Odyssey House in Salt Lake City. Linda and Kim moved to Ephraim to set up a medical practice.*

In 1978 Winnie broke her hip, sold her house and moved to Orem near her sister Thursa. Allen married Cindy James on August 29, 1978, and Theron and Verl celebrated their 40th wedding anniversary. Theron continued work at Aerojet focusing primarily on space technology problems.

Theron turned 65 in 1979, still working at Aerojet with their highest composite rating, working both on satellite and undersea tasks. His 88 year old mother Winnie had moved permanently into their home in the spring. They attended the Johansen family reunion at Waterton with 15 of their descendants. Theron made a trip to Kim's favorite fishing spots in the Manti-LaSalle mountains east of Ephraim.

[47] This paragraph is from the talk Theron gave in church on July 28, 1996, 12 days before he died.

In February 1980 Theron and Verl went to Mexico on a nine day trip with two of her sisters with their husbands followed by graduations for Kevin and Ralph. Verl gardened, quilted, arranged flowers, taught homemaking at Relief Society and cared for Winnie.

Theron's mother Winnie Lambert died May 30, 1981 at the age of 89, and Verl had heart trouble. Theron and Verl's immediate family had a reunion at Batemans in Ephraim, followed by a trip with Verl's sister and her husband Harold to Glacier Park and then to Canada, adding Nellie and Bill and later Donna and Ralph to the group. Then in October Verl went to England with Theron, where Theron completed a few days of technical work in Wales. While there he developed a health emergency that placed him in the hospital for eight days until he could safely return to Claremont for more surgery and hospital days. He was back to work November 23. In March of 1982, Theron had his third surgery in six months when his gallbladder was removed, but he was back to work by mid-April. They went to Canada again for a month beginning in July, highlighted by the Johansen reunion at Waterton which was attended by all their children and grandchildren except Ralph. Verl was seriously burned in a canning accident that required six weeks of daily medical care and clinic visits.

Theron retired from full time work at Aerojet on September 2, 1983, a few weeks prior to his 69th birthday and began teaching physics and underwater acoustics part time at California Polytechnical University near Pomona. That spring Verl suffered a bout of pneumonia while returning from Canada that required a brief hospital admission and several more days with Linda and Kim to recover. That summer Theron and Verl rented out their home to a family from Kuwait attending the Olympics and took an 80 day trip through the western states and Canada including a high school reunion in Roosevelt. Kim convinced Verl to repair a hernia in Ephraim on August 30. During her recovery Theron visited creeks high up Ephraim Canyon and returned with a limit of trout on each try. He also brought back a badly cut and skinned leg from a fall.

From Theron's letter to family March 10, 1985: "…This coming week is 'Finals Week' for the Winter Quarter at Cal Poly…. The E.E. Dept asked if I would teach two sections each of two different classes during spring term, so I expect to teach Tues and Thurs with the first classes beginning March 26."

According to the 39th edition of Verl's Christmas letters in 1985, Theron taught at Cal Poly the previous winter and spring and was scheduled to teach ten hours during winter quarter of 1986, now in his 72nd year. That summer they had gone again to Canada, visiting relatives and children on the way home. They attended BYU Education Week and spent a week on Linda and Kim's houseboat on Lake Powell with Anna and Harold, Jan and Dale, and Kevin, returning in October to Claremont.

Verl wrote that they covered 24,000 miles in 1986, adding to their usual western states and Canada a 26 day visit to New Zealand and Australia including Fiji and Hawaii. They took up genealogical name extraction. Theron wrote the following in June 1986:

I've lived in two mission fields and eight stakes. My professional years (49 of them so far) were fulfilling years bringing me opportunities because in a real part, I have sincerely tried to live by Gospel principles and standards. I have been greatly blessed in the Church with service callings in bishoprics, high councils, two missionary calls, and many ward and stake positions. My testimony is firm and vivid, having been witnessed to me by the Holy Ghost, whose special companionship in unusual answers to prayers has been an emphatic spiritual experience on a number of occasions.

My wife and I were blessed with seven choice children, who have all served missions and today continue to honor the Lord in their personal lives. Among them, and with their parents' support, they acquired 47 years of college and university education and thirteen university degrees. Yes, we are gratefully proud of these special spirits we've had opportunity to love and teach and advise.

Over the 48 years (lacking a few months) of our marriage, my wife's skills and willingness to "make do and do without" have made possible a happy, comfortable home—of managing to remain debt free, except for brief years of home mortgage payments, while demonstrating our gratitude to the Lord for his goodness to us. We've never purchased a new car nor taken an expensive vacation trip--though admittedly dreamed of them.

They made another trip to Utah in 1987 including Lake Powell with the Bateman. They flew to Ithaca to visit Allen and to Salt Lake for Utah's Centennial and fishing in the Uintah Basin and in Ephraim. In October they were broadsided in a Fresno intersection. Verl broke one rib, and Theron broke several and separated his right shoulder. Both cars were totaled, and Theron spent six days in the hospital after which their friend Bob Borland flew his plane to Fresno to take them home. They replaced their car with a 1987 Buick Century four door sedan. The Batemans and Kevin and Ralph came to their house for Christmas.

In April 1988 Ralph married Lisa Bills in the Arizona temple. In July the whole family got together on the Batemans' houseboat at Lake Powell and then caravaned to Canada for the Johansen reunion. They celebrated their golden wedding anniversary on September 16th in Claremont and Christmas in Utah with Glen and Dale. Kim and Linda's family spent Christmas at an orphanage in Mexico.

They made five trips in 1989, taking them away from home 2½ months, including a trip to Fresno when Roger was released as bishop and promoted to the high council and a trip to Canada when Verl's brother Swen died. Verl had pneumonia in Utah again on the return trip. Theron had a stroke on November 28 but was restored by a priesthood administration after being completely unresponsive for about four hours. He continued his work as patriarch.

In 1990 Theron and Verl visited Concord and Fresno for grandchildren events. Theron went down the lower Colorado River with the Scouts in April, and they were at Lake Powell again in June. Theron fished on the Uintah River with Kevin just after Labor Day and had Thanksgiving with many of the family in Ephraim.

Theron took up writing his autobiography again in 1990, summarizing his life and his values.

As a scientist, I've done consulting work for many places in the U.S. and for the governments of Great Britain, France, Japan, and Canada.

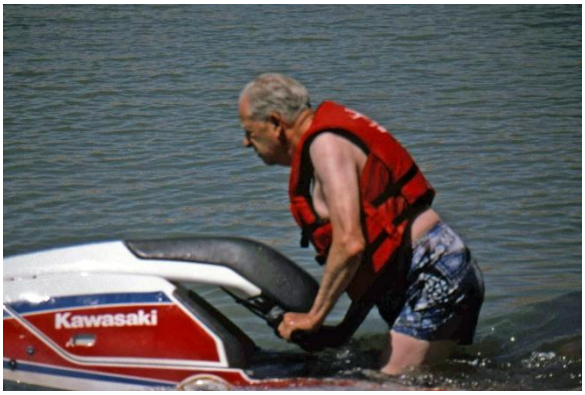
My feelings about women's rights have changed little since my late teens. All adults earn their place and thus their rights by the service they render others with much love and the expectations of high performance, rules clearly understood and fully expected to be met.

We have seven fine children—each with six to ten years of university education and all doing professional work. They were great children and are great adults. I respect them for living and upholding high deals. My wife and I can honor each of them for accomplishments that we recognize have value.

In April 1991 Theron and Verl bought a home in Provo one block from Verl's sister Mable in Indian Hills. That was a Johansen Reunion year. They attended six temples that summer including the Cardston temple where they were married 53 years earlier. That fall they worked on making their California house attractive to a slow market, and they sold it within ten days.

Letter from Theron September 10, 1991:

I believe Verl has told each of you about the nice house we bought in Provo. Linda, Dale, Anna, and I think Roger have all seen the house so can tell you something about it….It is one block south of Mable and Delbert's house, another block and a half from Joyce's home. Ray Pratt recently bought a home within two blocks of ours. Nellie and Bill are close to one and a quarter miles North….so we will be near relatives—closer to part of the family (at least Utah families) further from several. We expect to be in Claremont until next spring…



Theron and Verl Lambert moved to Provo around April 9, 1992, but in June they went to Richland, Washington for Maurice and Phyllis' 50th wedding anniversary and took the long way home, visiting Glen in San Francisco, getting dental work in Fresno, and visiting many friends in Claremont. After returning to their new house in Provo they took a nine-day trip to Lake Powell and a successful fishing trip with Kevin to the Uintas. They went back to Richland in October when Phyllis died. In Provo they were called to be in charge of the single adults.

By the beginning of 1993 they were still adjusting to life in Provo, but enjoying it, attending BYU events and living close to many of Verl's siblings. After a month of snow, they returned to California to visit Ralph and Lisa and Roger's family and then visited their friends in Claremont. That summer involved landscape work in their new yard. Theron was diagnosed with "mild diabetes" and a low thyroid and was not happy with food limitations. Verl had another spell of pneumonia in September. In November 1993 Theron was called to work in the Provo temple but was released two years later because of his cancer.

In January 1994 Theron flew to Concord to ordain Ralph a high priest and see him made a high councilor. They went to Canada for the reunion after which Theron had several fishing trips with his sons and Verl worked on her stamp collection. Theron worked two days a week in the Provo temple, which required him to get up at 3:40 am twice a week. They were the greeters at church.

In the spring of 1995, at the age 80 ½ Theron started feeling tired.[48] *On September 23, 1995, lymphoma was diagnosed. He wrote to Linda on November 2, 1995, thanking her for a birthday party and a dinner with his family gathered around him. He was treated with chemotherapy until March 1996 and suffered infections. In June he was getting some of his hair back. He was still "skinny," and not regaining any weight, although he noticed a bit of his*

[48] Calendar of Theron's last days from Verl's "A brief history of Theron's last Illness."

strength returning, and he was going to church again after missing several months. He was told later that month that he would die without more chemo, but he took his time deciding what to do.

The following is from a letter that Theron wrote to the family on July 11, 1996:

> I can't write of a lot of interesting things, but here's a few things for June. On this day after Father's Day, Katie showed me the way to go up Manti Canyon until pine trees began to show, and a small lake appeared. I caught a trout, but people who knew the lake had been fishing for over four hours and had only caught five trout. A couple of weeks later, I drove a neighbor and two of his boys up Payson Canyon. At the top of the canyon there are three small lakes—we stopped at the smallest and fished for two hours--I caught two trout, and my neighbor and his sons caught five. That is the extent of my fishing this year.
>
> Bill Green called to see me, and he brought a nice trout from the lower Provo Canyon. He was released from the Provo temple presidency last fall and goes fishing every week. He claims two and a half hours of fishing will give him eight trout to take home. He never invites me to go with him, but his dad (the best fisherman I've ever met) used to invite me occasionally to go up the Provo Canyon in the evening. For several weeks I've gone to sacrament service and last Sunday I went to the whole block service. Because my future is uncertain I don't know how long this will occur, but while I can this will be a special experience for me. No experience has had a longer influence on my life than Verl's devotion and support.
>
> I'm grateful for my testimony of our sacred scripture--of the Gospel of Jesus Christ--of the special people who proceeded me. I'm thankful for the many great blessings that have been given me--for many prayers have been answered—quickly and emphatically. May the Lord's blessings be with all of you that your lives may be enriched and happy.

Theron spoke in church on July 28th (along with Verl and Allen) twelve days before his death. He was obviously contemplating his next life. This is part of his talk.

> Well, you can see I have the advantage. I can stop and no one can say that I'm doing it too soon. I'm glad to be here… Now I'm past four score years and a lot of things have happened in my years, but several important things have happened that have made a strong impression on me. Four times I've sat in private homes and listened to the testimony of men who have either died or had visitors from the spirit world tell them what things are like, or because of their own spirit leaving their mortal body and visiting another place, described it ant told of who they saw and spoke to and what kind of response they have.

Now the first of these experiences is not from a member of the church. He lived on a farm in Pennsylvania, and he raised collie dogs, and he wrote stories about collie dogs. Albert Payson Terhune. Well, the "American Magazine" published all of his stories about collie dogs, so the time came when Mr. Terhune became very ill and his wife took him to the hospital, and she was told that she should call the family together because he might not go home. Well, after he was released from the hospital and returned home he wrote the editor of the "American Magazine" asking if they would publish his testimony of what he had experienced, and they agreed. So that in the middle twenties they had a two-page testimony of Albert Payson Terhune, telling of his spirit leaving his body and going to the other side and being in a beautiful place and being told that he wasn't supposed to be there, that his mission on earth was not finished, and that he would have to go back and wait until the proper time.

Years later I was serving as a part time missionary in the New England Mission under President Reeder from Salt Lake City and he had made a special invitation to me to come to his home that evening. He said, "I'm having a special friend coming and I'd like to have you meet him." …It was President Iverson who was president of the Eastern States Mission that we had recently lived in during World War II. After dinner, President Reeder and President Iverson and myself adjourned to another room and President Reeder…told of being very ill and his wife took him to the hospital and was told that he was not likely to make it, and of his spirit leaving his mortal body and his visiting another place, a very beautiful place, and told that he was there at the wrong time, and that he must return to his mortal mission until it was appropriate--and he did.

When he finished, President Iverson spoke up and said, "I became quite ill and went to the hospital and after doctors examined me my wife was told to call my family together, that I probably wouldn't leave the hospital alive. While I was there, I had the opportunity for my spirit to leave my body. I visited grandparents and parents and other relatives that had gone ahead of me. They told me that I would have to return until my mortal mission was completed.

I've had the privilege of meeting all the Presidents since I was a young man except one. I never met President Hunter. All the others I've been privileged to meet. My testimony has been strengthened by many years of service in branch, ward, and stake positions; thank Heaven for the opportunities that this church provides.

I appreciate being with you. I don't know how long this opportunity will be with me so that I can return and attend Sunday meetings with you folks. But I've had a good professional career, and I've had a wonderful opportunity in church service. I have

had many blessings with my choice wife and our seven children who have all served missions. We can only say thanks for the opportunities we've had because of the Church of Jesus Church of Latter-day Saints.

The following Sunday Theron gave blessings to Allen, Enoch, and Sara. That week he was put on diuretics for water in his lungs and suddenly decided to go with the chemotherapy, but he deteriorated rapidly and went into the hospital August 9th. His kidneys had failed, and he had water in his lungs drained. The family gathered, and he died the following day, August 10, 1996 at 7:50 pm.

Theron's writings that do not fit into the timeline: [49]

Church Callings

My church service includes assistant scoutmaster in the Provo Fourth Ward for one year, scoutmaster in the Payson Third Ward for one year, the Pacific Beach Ward for two years, and the Claremont Ward for one year.

Additional callings have been Sunday school superintendent in the Red Bank Branch for one year, assistant Sunday school superintendent in the Payson and Claremont Wards, MIA superintendent in Payson and Claremont, each for one year, counselor to two bishops in the Ocean Beach Ward for two years, Stake MIA board for two years in the San Diego Stake. I have taught gospel doctrine in Sunday school in four wards over eight years. I served as a special missionary in the New England states for a year and stake missionary in the San Diego Stake.[50]

I married a great wife and mother to our children and was blessed with seven special children, whom I love and respect. This is by far the top position on my list of church and professional assignments. Without Verl's assistance I could never have been so effective. I've made many mistakes but have found considerable satisfaction and enjoyed much happiness with my family.

Education

By the time that my education was finished, I had taken university training at the BYU, Rutgers, and UCLA, accumulating eight years of university. And with strong majors and a good minor, I taught in a junior college, four universities, and a senior high school (not In that order). I believe young people now need university training more than did the youth of my day. It will provide opportunities and options that nothing else will do. I had a very good professional life—a physicist (senior scientist) for 31 years and 15 years as a teacher of physics, oceanography, and electric engineering.

World Affairs

I do not think that war in the Gulf is inevitable, but it will depend upon the U.N. and several of the mid-east countries. I believe that the budget deficit should be eliminated by cutting government expenses. And then we should live within our income—probably by an amendment to our constitution.

Drugs were no part of the teen scene when I was young--but alcohol was quickly becoming a problem, as it was made lawful. It's harmful and will remain so.

[49] Probably written around June 1986.
[50] He was set apart March 26, 1956.

My wish is for law abiding citizens, who could help one another meet the trials they faced during their lifetime. For people who believe they should work for the things that they have and should live within their income. Countries in the world at peace with one another so that war would no longer be a factor in our life.

My role model

My father and his honorable and responsible life—a special example of one who lived by the very best he knew.

Essay on Number and Measure

Ancient science was based on number, measurement, and symbolism. Anciently the most highly regarded studies were arithmetic, music, astronomy, geometry, and stereometry (geometric solids and the structure of the universe.) The Egyptian priests, who controlled education, ensured that all who sought advancement in life worked according to the sacred canon of number and proportion. This, said Plato, had the effect of maintaining the level of culture for 10,000 years. The same numerical canon was once possessed by civilizations world-wide.

In all ancient codes of art and science, certain integers and series of numbers are found to recur, which also recur in the processes of arithmetic. An example of a canonical number is 5040, which had more factors for its size than any other, 1x2x3x4x5x6x7=5040=7x8x9x10. 5040 feet is the value of the shorter Greek mile and the top note of the octave in the musical scale which Plato used. This was not Plato's own invention, for 5040 divided by 100 equals 50.4 feet, the mean diameter of the Stonehenge lintel ring, making its circumference 316.8 ft or 1/100 part of six miles.

Among other numbers and number series in the ancient canon are powers and multiples of 6, of 12, multiples of 37 including the famous "number of the beast," 666.

Music in the ancient world was intimately related to the measure of lengths. These same units were used by architects who planned the proportions of their buildings by the ratios of canonical music.

Some of my "Firsts"

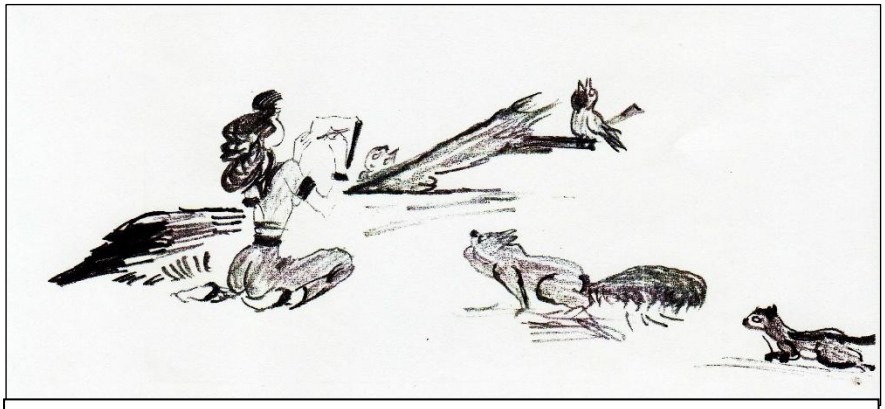
1. My quartz research led to my parameter data being adopted on standards for the U.S. Armed Forces (Army, Navy, Air).
2. Developed acoustic sensors for SOFAR Networks with improved sensitivity and greater depth reliability.
3. Designed first successful scanning sonar using synthetic ADP.
4. Developed high power, short pulse sonar projector for harbor defense.
5. Designed wide band electroacoustic transducers for torpedo countermeasures.

6. Determined elastic compressive strength of piezoelectric crystals.
7. Developed electroacoustic transducer for rocket launched air to water missiles.
8. Developed techniques for producing much larger ferroelectric ceramic components.
9. Developed design techniques for maximizing bandwidth capabilities in piezo transducers.
10. Determined acoustic cavitation thresholds for sea and fresh waters.
11. Designed successful transducers for first US sub to navigate under the arctic ice cap.
12. Developed first scanning sonar transducer using ferroelectric ceramic components.
13. Developed high efficiency transducer for deep diving submarines (Power and efficiency unmatched by competitors.
14. Designed and developed Navy's most successful torpedo counter measure vs. homing torpedoes (NIXIE).
15. Developed the unusual LORATHS transducers for wake following homing torpedo.
16. First use of an acoustic lens in a passive scanning sonar.
17. Determined dynamic tensile strengths in ferroelectric ceramics vs. service life.
18. Produced acoustic sensors for the first DIMUS array for submarines—manufactured to tighter and more reproducible tolerances than previously obtained.
19. Contributed to several parts of Navy standard for piezo ceramics.
20. Added design changes to the transducer chosen for Cousteau's deep diving ocean studies—more than doubled operating depth for reliable acoustic performance.
21. Developed design and assembly techniques for VLF acoustic sources using flexural mode of vibration.
22. Designed and developed the wide band acoustic source for the ETC-1 self-propelled torpedo counter measure.
23. Determined tensile strength of various adhesive bonds.
24. Developed the engineering standards for Aerojet Electro Systems Co. for all types of industrial adhesives.
25. Developed the cleaning procedures for the critical components in satellite temperature control for optical mirrors.
26. Located and demonstrated the whitest white paint for space vehicle critical surfaces ($600/pint).
27. Selected the special adhesive used in attaching the ceramic tiles to the space shuttle.

During the period 1951 to 1975 I published 30 technical papers—all classified, confidential, or secret and sponsored by U.S. Navy Department. I was invited as guest speaker to four national symposia sponsored by the Navy or industry and to science and engineering students at Utah Academy of Arts and Science, Purdue University, University of Missouri, University of Utah, BYU, San Diego State, CIT, Cal Poly, San Diego Chapter of IRE, Audio Society of Dan Diego and student groups at several junior colleges.

With Navy and State Department approval, I have served as Scientific Consultant for the governments of United Kingdom, France, Japan, and Canada.

This drawing was a gift from Aerojet when Theron retired in 1983.



An example of Theron's distinctive sketching